Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 79

The Shoe Box

Part:

Memories that you do not want to forget yet hold to the past just placed with a misheard lid on top tossed under the bed, most just have a shoebox I have many novels. Or like the time, I was for real sitting up in a tree with my boyfriend kissing outside my childhood home, as a teenager, until night fell, when the steam trains would still go by.

Then I woke up in a bed that was not my own, and blurry, it would scare you sexy. I was holding hands with a demon it was death, as a full-body apparition, with a face that was gold-like and wrinkled, eyes red as flames. He

came back to me with my limp hand in his, as if we were lost long teenage lovers.

My grave has been desiccated and grave robbers have harvested my remains. Naddalin is now Nevaeh kicked off into that body become one in mid-air. The professor investigates the crystal, and she- lighting bolt zoomed higher around them all, coming from the ball itself.

Nevaeh, about to collapse under her weight looking in the group was Naddalin, thinking about the past where girls in her past lives have died by gelatin as Nevaeh just did in front of all to see, and not lived on to talk about as she did.

Even headless, she was rescued, only for the moments of keeping the soul, by Jinger and Emmah, who each grabbed her under an arm as she- saved her back into the cottage.

Not today are they getting your soul, the darkness was all around them existing at least twice the nightfall feeling than normal, she was no laughing matter, she was the pristine lord of all creation. Nevaeh was the holy phantom.

The darkness allowed her fury of energy to run into the chair she fell around and slumped over, sobbing she was uncontrollably setting up, her face

glazed with tears that dripped down into the tangled stream from her eyes.

(Everything when black, then a day has passed.)

Part:

A sudden sound from the corner of my room in this cabin next to the water tower, and control station for all the main lines coming into our world made Naddalin even more on edge. Jinger, and Emmah whip around as faint trails of swarthy-looking mists. And all the manuscript that Nevaeh ever made just lying in the corner haphazardly, now looking like something that was oozing

blood all over the floor, losing its supernatural strength of stamina.

She could hear the steam trains in the background linking up cars, and switching tracks, the clock was chiming the time, and not think about how harsh it was to my mind and ears, the shutter camera was sitting next to me in bed, like the newspapers, that was pushed next to me as a pillow, and the well of ink to pen my next part of my life's story. I could see the faint shape of the phonograph on the stand next to me lit softly by a candle flicker.

Clepsidra team was playing a game just outside looking out the window

in the weary-looking town of Hayvannahice. Hearing in the distances, 'ascend you are and spread your wings… on my whistle… three - two - one.'

Naddalin - is flying for Coletti. According to Fathered Wings magazine, the- Nevaeh was going to be the fastest- angel in the village of Hayvannahice, for the- national teams at the year's World Championship in the games.

-And-

Likewise, Alas Valieva is now at that top spot, yet this is just a game and having a gold medal is no longer important when you are on your cessation

bed. 'If only we had known we could have the games sooner,' said Harlan painfully.

And it was not you who found her to make this happen so you could fix the games so she would not when. Said, Professor Ashly.

It was little Amsel girl that did this not me- another one of these girl's friends, nonetheless.

Madison by grief is only 12, no doubt she could take this spot of world best and knowing that Black was her coach and all, and stepdad to all these children.

Likewise, had been the personal protector, proceeded after Black herself to make sure Nevaeh would never be anything in this world.

-And-

Then speedy than any other angle; she soared around the stadium and began fluttering around for the little bird Golden Snidget.

Then at that moment in time, listening all the while to play-by-play, which was being delivered by the twins' friend Becky, Emily. 'And They're off,' it was said in the background.

And the large excitement she corresponds to is the blaze behind the wings that wipe around.

And Jordan, would you manage to articulate to us what is proceeding in the tournament?

And then in a moment interrupted was Professor McDermott's voice asking about Nevaeh's healthiness. And right you are, Professor, it is just a game, said Nevaeh, now in the suffering, frail, and squeamish body of Naddalin.

Then are times of the moments in ghostly shadows next to the bed, you could see the faint figure of Nevaeh's soul

not yet joined in Naddalin. Yet almost descending into the body in pulling pulsations.

And Jordan! And Okay, okay, Coletti in possession, Shauna Mueller of Coletti, heading for goal…

-And-

'Yes, first point!'

‘Our lord is perishing, and all you all care about is the game outside.’ Said, Professor McDermott.

‘And Emmah… that paunchy smallish girl who was consistently organizing around behind them at the

school for girls, is here now to care for her?’ And said, Madam Morgan.

‘And you know that she idolized Black and all that he was about,’ said Professor McDermott.

McDermott- ‘And never completely in their association should this girl be here now with us, skill-wise has none. I was often blunt with her, about being less ought to be one of us.’

'You can imagine how she is feeling right now, be admirable, that is not how to do it.' Said Naddalin softly.

'And now how I regret that now… even if he was a good man.' Said Emmah.

And she would- expressed as though she would- had a sudden head cold, from the powers of the others assailing her- just for speaking with no worth in the world now even her halo of bloody thorns around her head would show that she was insufficient poor of most impoverished.

'And there, now, Emmah,' Then said Harlan kindly, as he just appeared in the room, like sand, in an hourglass poring, into the physique.

These girls all died a hero's death, or they would not be here. She is no less or more than any other, just to

what you all think about bloodline and camaraderie.

Eyewitnesses - would say that nonmagical people like her- Emmah, of course, has no place here even as a servant, we wiped their remembering henceforth- she was told this and this also cornered Black, being the same to the minds of the individuals in this world.

‘I have been in the mind of this child screamed Naddalin, saying she is noble and good.’

(Gasps in the room.)

Part:

And you do not understand what you are lecturing about, Dargie, said Harlan sharply.

And nonentity but experienced Hit Prestidigitators from a shoe- Magic Law Enforcement Squad would maintain stood a possibility against Black once he- was cornered.

I was Junior Martita in the Department of Paranormal Catastrophes at the time, and I was one of the foremost on the scene after Black massacred all those people, for his children.

That this war was not over and the famine, and the hunger that was going to come after the pandemic.

I will never bypass it. I nonetheless dream, imagine, ambition, and crave it sometimes. A recess in the epicenter of the lane, so in-depth it contained smashed the stitcher below.

Harlan's spokesperson stopped unexpectedly. There was the sound of five proboscides being blown.

And how I wish I could say that she- was strong in all of this, said Harlan, looking out the window and seeing Nevaeh's flying horses looking in at her in

a soft glow as the distinctive atmosphere or quality that seems to surround and be generated by a person, thing, or place. of her soul and true core was above and no needing protection.

And her- the horse and her now masters loss unhinged her for a while in the understanding of guarding Nevaeh she was be carrying as she is in solemn snorts of exhaling, and then the shadows of night began to fall, and the lamps on the sidewalk come on, the tree leaves resealing in the breezes, a solemn feeling was in the air of an oncoming to a swarthy storm.

The murder of Lord Nevaeh and all those girls was the action of a cornered and anguished conflict-insensitive senseless.

Yet I met Black on my last examination of Dizeryland, and the remanding aftermath of the township after the uprising. All Nevaeh's truth will come out in the manuscript of texts pulled by the back wall of this bedroom.

Professor McDermott- ‘Lies.’ said most, that is why we are here now. 'You know, most of the profilers in there sit muttering to themselves in the dark brainwashed by the Amsel family; there is no logic in them, but I was astounded at

how ordinary Black seemed even if he children with Leah, that true child is unknown or is she? Yet he calls himself the stepdad, we know now that child is in this room as Naddalin.'

She went on to say- ‘This idea spoke quite rationally to me. It was exhilarating. To stress about this man being part of them is on thinkable. You would have thought he was simply bored- of the idea of them and was finding a way to unravel them underhandedly.’

‘Are you finished with that paper yet?’

‘She is clearly just partly finished with the newspaper of the twisted story's that were portrayed.’ Said Emmah.

Then unperturbed as you please about everything that was screamed in the room about her mother Jaylynn as cold as a winter's day, doing was doing-crossword handed over the paper.

Eyes somber rolling softly and sweetly now blue and slightly gray in the dimming light, 'there is good in all of us.' said Jaylynn.

Affirmative, I was surprised at how negligible effect you have about all this, Death Devours seemed to be having

on her, asking her questions in her mind always about her mother's past until the juncture of going crazy with the Hum of voices that would never be stopped.

'...And she- existed as one of them.'

'Out of fear and full mind control, out of suspicion.' She whimpered.

Then as the sky is full of Imp, and above Echidna, the monsters that were half-snake and the half-woman referred to as the 'Mother of Monsters is showing in the sky Hale Navy is a deeply saturated navy blue that is the cast of the color above. as a wrath of the storm to come.'

Then to the cottage, with its colorful blooms around its foundations and a front gate on a picket fence create a welcoming entrance to this cottage-style home.

Sowed receptacles flank the swinging portico, supporting the consonance completed by double sets of bay windows and shutters about the front entrance. Brick pronunciations on the cottage home exterior and pathway add charming consistency and disparity.

Looking out at the hills and valleys, Adlet the creature with the upper human body and lower body of a puppy

runs about the land howling at nightfall full of luminary starlight.

Just like the 'Hound of Hades run wild and free.' '...You have the Caucus Fire-Breathing Giant that at the time of twilight now takes over the belief of protecting stamina.'

Likewise, in the skies, the Garuda Human-eagle hybrid is known to be a protector of the skies. And by the lake by the cottage is Makara, the creature often characterized as a hast terrestrial animal is finding leisure.

Though what do you think she is shattered crystal ball out to do? And said

Jaylynn Naztherth the daughter holding the ghost of a baby cherub that was lost in her arms. And the good gracious soul that was lost before birth.

She- is not trying to rejoin her grandmother's side and family, is she?

-And-

'I daresay that is there- eventual objective, here or not.'

And then communicated with Jaylynn evasively.

'And we hope to notice there all the same bloodline along before that we say there not.'

I must say, grandmother's side and family, are all the same here, she was independent friendless is one thing, and lost all trust is another thing… it was said when he took Naddalin in and was given her back she was the most devoted servant,

I shake to think how quickly she will rise again… now as one body mixing two souls with her sister.

-And-

So... Naddalin was still frail.

And Jinger's with Emmah's faces appeared under the plain of glass in the

French doors, that opens to the hallway of her pristine bedroom.

She was both staring at her, lost for words.

Bye, Javion, who was also there to show respect! And call Stan.

And yet in all the pain and despair Stan and Emmah fell in love, just like before.

Part:

Harlan stood Naddalin along with her- within the small parlor. Just outside the little path from the door of the home looks out into the town down in the hills of Havannah's lit by a soft lantern. All the

memories of Nevaeh's photos of life are now just in a box under her bed and losing life as she is now.

Emmah clicked her fingers, a fire burst into life in the grate of the flickering luminance of flams in the fireplace, as pages of Nevaeh's tale of the past were being burnt, screaming as they take off in the dance of flams like monarch butterflies with all the timber falling, as even as all colors in the room look and turn black and white.

And they curled and the sofa just out of the bedroom and were discrediting her as she grew weaker, as she could do

nothing about the loss of the memories of her life's past.

A sudden sound from the corner of Dargon's cabin as it is called constructed by Naddalin's dad, unkempt by Jinger, and Emmah slaved around the grounds around living in a watermill, down the path.

Becca one of the young vampires was lying in the corner of the dream light water mill that is attached to the cottage feasting on the flash of a Unicorn and part of Nevaeh's body, on something that was oozing blood all over the floor.

Why had nobody ever told her they were having this manuscript burning?

Emmah, Jaylynn, and Mr. Gonzales.

Mr. Harlan why hadn't anyone ever mentioned the fact that Naddalin's parents had died because their best friend had family them?

Jinger and Emmah watched Naddalin nervously all through the final dinner and ceremony of the dead of remembering Nevaeh as a whole, feasting on the blood and flesh of her body. Then her body ash and part of the soul in that

body is placed in a wooden boat, set adrift, and lit on fire, to yet the other side, to the flames of heads. What is left of her is now in the body of her triplet's sister, 'this is out of love does not fear,' The cuts were made to the left pamphlet of the hand of the body.

A time of tranquility came over them all, looking over all the vampires that take part in the death ceremony.

'Not daring this moment, do we say a word, as we see this time end in our world.' Said Jinger. Talking about what they had overheard because Serafina was sitting close by them, saying in a soft mutter I have done what Emmah asked of

me, in gathering the soul, and now it lingers in Naddalin. Naddalin and Nevaeh are for now the same energy, liveliness, and spirit. The glass crystal ball on the table is now opaque and dark forever, the soul and body are now gone.

Then they went downstairs to the cellar to the overcrowded common chamber in the mill, where the body of Nevaeh was viewed and all that is left is an outline of failed on a wooden gurney, it was to find Breeanna and Katy had set off half a dozen stink bombs in a fit of end-of-term high vigorousness, it everyone to clear out, and to cover the scent of death and rot.

(Soft chatter was given, between the two girls.)

Emmah pushed the texts aside and quickly found what she was looking for, the summary of the story, the leatherbound parts that she did not have, and the last file of all the texts handwritten they would be stollen under her dress for keeping in top secret to all in the cottage; with all the photographs album, of her life and past long before the making of the dark side of this world, yet was placed here in this room two years ago and forgotten.

Emmah said to Jaylynn 'the manuscript may flame, yet it is a fake, I

have them all and they are safe locked in the deep chambers of the castle, hidden library.'

Which was full of illusionist pictures of her life and past ones two and her real daddy. Emmah sat down on her bed next to Naddalin, pulled the hangings shears around the bead around them, and began turning for her memory to draw in as if pulling them from the text into the mind, the pages, searching, until… they all glimmer, and become recollections to be received in her thoughts. Naddalin, who did not want anyone to know around sneaking quietly sat up to the empty bedroom, and head tilted to the side, back

straight up onto the headboard, Emmah's hand is holding hers by her bedside.

Emmah sat down on her bed next to Naddalin, pulled the hangings shears around the bead around them, and began turning for her memory to draw in as if pulling them from the text into the mind, the pages, searching, until… they all glimmer, and become recollections to be received in her thoughts.

Naddalin, who did not want anyone to know around all the sneaking quietly sat up to the empty bedroom, and head tilted to the side, back straight up onto the headboard, Emmah's hand is holding hers by her bedside.

Do you not love me anymore? came the familiar voice of a child in the silence that broke it. Emmah, isn't it? My eyes opened as Naddalin, opened again, I closed them as her voice began to taunt me to remember the past.

'Of course, I love you. Or I would not be doing this, for you, and whisking my life.'

'Emmah?'

Naddalin's voice cooed to me. 'Emmah, is it not... I remember you but why should I?'

I enjoyed her more than anything. She was my friend. 'I return it back to you.'

Then at that moment, looking up, she was nowhere to be found.

I did not even comprehend where I was standing.

Floating in a vast void of white nothingness.

There was no one here, everything was in my head, as in previous times to the date I was on.

I wanted to cry. She was not there to say what happened.

She stopped on a picture of her parents' wedding day.

There was her daddy waving up at her, beaming, the bedraggled fiery brown hair Naddalin had inherited standing up in all directions.

Everything seemed to crumple, and I fell into the void around me like a vision. Alight with delight I have the feelings of, and trust arm in arm with her dad. And there… that must be her, now also me, she was real. Naddalin had never given her a thought before, over the fact of passing elementary before school age.

'Emmah.' here it goes again, all the flashbacks. 'Don't you want me; I was thinking as time when on in the memories?'

'Yes?'

'Come with me.' The voices pull bizarrely like.

Then a shrill scream broke everything back to the moment in the darkroom I was in the present.

Jumping down into my bed. The exclamation on my lips turned into a sob as his voice echoed in my head, of his death, just like my own and my sisters.

'Come with me,' it told me, as I looked into its eyes.

If she- had not known it was all the same now as it was then, she would never have guessed it was Black in the old photograph, not her dad she thinks it was.

Her face was not sunken and waxy as it was before, but now gorgeous, and her feelings full of giggles.

At this point, she had already been working with Ava for her mother and grandmother, in the orphanage, in this picture that had been taken no more than 5 years of age... she was at the time.

And there is everyone, she remembers a young child? Expressed Naddalin softly.

'Oh, Naddalin what did life have for you to do, no you know.' Articulated.

Was she- already planning the deaths at this point of us all of the- two people next to her were gone before I was? I asked myself.

Did she realize she was facing twelve years of hell from this point even if she were to live about twelve years that would make her unrecognizable, to all like the girl she was?

But the dementing did not involve her only as I thought, Naddalin considered, staring into the- pretty, laughing face of innocents.

Then, I carefully crawl out of bed so as not to wake anyone that was staying over to aid me.

Some have been sleeping in my living room since I found myself in this home.

Then looking into the memories and photographs of Nevaeh, her little body squeezed into the space I had left, Jaylynn muttered in her sleep as I passed her.

I had no intention of falling asleep again, and if I did, I would dream of Naddalin's face again, even if it were now my own, even if it were the same as my three sisters.

The blue-gray eyes looked at me like the night she nailed papa over me for the first time as all of us girls did. Mother wanted us to be a 'loving' family with a granddad with us as his new girlfriends.

For me to start over from the start, that was the best thing for me, yet it was not like I was at all in this life.

It was something I could not allow them to take away from me like in

the past, the time, and the memories, and life. In such of yielded duration, I said.

‘Vampires Angels?’ Muttered Naddalin looking around the moonlight living room.

Not with vampires, they will try to change me, and I cannot change.

I would die as they think, Naddalin could be just like me. Said with the small voice of Nevaeh in her head.

The fear for them was so strong that I was physically sick, they were part of my grandmother's side of the conflict that had lasted all this time, in a way her army.

It stirred under my skin, it whistled through my teeth. She knew what I did. I had to return.

Part:

The moon outside was calling me like Nevaeh's voice inside my head. There has not been a full moon yet for me in my new body and new life, it will not be at least two more nights before it circles the sky where it is not covered by all the large planets. 'Arriving at me, I say hold my hands under it as if holding our moon in my hands like a glowing ball.' Tears rolled down my cheeks.

All the memories were of both asking me about something that I just could not do and doing things I would not have the power to think of doing.

Most of the diligently safeguarded in the place I was as and tragically, comfortable for the moment.

When just moments before, knowing all the death devores and dark clocked mannequins outside her bedroom door, the light of night full fall of them in making the room have a newfound blackens that lost them to the moment of not caring about them any longer as her mind develop sharper in confidences, as they could overhead is split in cracking of

a hollering with fierce winds and blossom and leaves in the breeze with the colors of the Aurora even the newfound wings were flapping and glistening, shimmering, glistening, and sparkling a soft sliver intensity that was just deemed to be proper.

Contrasting was the tress that stood dark and luminescent, all the blackbirds were swarming about overhead, as I was standing in my black lacy gown, with my hair now back as night, likewise, twisted braided over my left shoulder, and held with a string with a key, heart-shaped ring, and a crystal charm, and a lily flower at the end of it.

All these things in that moment of looking at them flashed back to those moments in time. Then fisher cracks in the ground under her feet were now growing and glistening in a robust cobalt blue, as the moon commenced to make a crescent constitution, then eclipse, marking the day in chronology.

The red-orange ashes dances in the air around them as the hills and valleys were vast, as armies of an armed man stood holding a shield, horns atop their heads, and crowns of thorns, sharp barbs from their skin, and spears and in the foreground holding, in orange light, light by smoke, and fire, and battle-axes.

Gothic skulls with candles are at their feet, past lives that do not have the next afterlife. The warrior sword the Amsel with the name depicts a blackbird on it with ruby eyes, her soul locked as a black Baird flying about the skies forever, of her triplet's sister now magically appears in her hand after now seeing over the hills the crucifixion of Lily, that understood of falling into the wrong hands of trust she is dismantled just some of her small bones are made into a shrine at the crypt and lost to memoirs for the land cemetery of the final death.

It shows the turning of the times, and the backfire of the spirit, that is now

alive within Naddalin, the might of more than one woman becoming the faithful God to their world.

Her blood dripping from her wings made the rivers red, as they were torn away from the body. Lily’s lifeblood dripping from her wings made the rivers red, as they were torn away from the body, and the revelations of the conflict of control ended.

Part:

It would have been much easier to fall in and out of all the memories, thinking back to during breakfast, as a child. Then as a mother, they would not

let me do it be the mother I wanted to be. If I had put the baby to bed, she would not have turned out this way. My mind was racing. I pushed her Jaylynn away. 'Reach for more than I did as a mother. To do more than I.'

The moment I did it, Kristen would push away from me too, I started crying and the twins would not understand why- did not allow their further creation unaided stand in your mind, or so I learned my true trials and tribulations.

Then going deeper in remembrance right now, my younger siblings are cooing in happiness, the last

time I remember being happy with them in my mind was lost in the past time, but oh, how quickly can that change?

I remember being 7 years of age, when I woke up suddenly a second before my face was splashed with oatmeal as a child going to school. I wanted the life and memories all back.

'There are good times here.' I insisted.

The moon is already following you. She was thinking, as she was waiting for the bus.

'But...' I knew that, whereas. - I do not want to think I was already the target.

You missed school on Wednesday over the fact of the way kids were starting to be, not today.

It was Friday and the fifth day of school and already your day is nothing but misery, torment, nightmare, and much pain.

I did not tell Naddalin that she missed the third day too, yet she was dead by 2 years or so by this time.

'You walk, and you walk from the pain, I remember saying as a 7-year-old girl.'

My half-sister Alissa pouted during breakfast, her golden hair falling over her face. She looked like a sullen little pre-teenage child.

She opened her mouth when I realized that I would have to put one of the twins to bed, even if it were just like going back in time to do so.

The sound the baby made was the sound of someone holding a microphone to his lips and sounding like it was coming back to my ears from an amphitheater.

The cry sounded like steam as it removed one of them right into my ear.
'Sufficiently, I did at this moment.'

She remembers when she lowered her head and filled her ears, she was still smirking.

'Hi, hi, Sh-h!'

When they joined the crib, they did not make a sound. They were known for their silent stirs. The singular moment when I entered the door to the baby's room I was swathed in a non-pricey nightdress, hair in a ponytail that bobbed as my young teenage heels communed on the wooden floor.

Looking back maybe I always looked beautiful even if I disliked everything about myself. The daughter I can see here growing before my eyes, yet in memory, and all the best friends came for her mother in their school uniform, it was more in my head than I thought.

Her wurst curls bounced up and down around her face and she was around the age of 12, that is when I still had my child.

She rushed forward into my arms every day at that stage of her life, stopping to hug me, and then walked towards her dad, who perked up, to hear everything about her school day.

Then all the photos that were under the bed were kept in a shoebox and it was like I was diving into the box itself, all coming back to me, as I could like see them, before me, as I did then all the fading memories that were taken from me.

I could not worry about that the least, it was now, and nothing that has happened yet, if that makes any sense life was going back and forth in time and age, I had time to do life over just by all these objects, photos, and keepsakes. All I could do was try. He would not have bought me this prepaid phone if he did not want me to call him. He had gone through hell for

me, I could try to think I could make friends even if my sister stopped it. I would try to change history, being the now, remember the future in my keepsakes.

In the phone are all these numbers of others I knew now by after, and contacts, like 'Emmah! Emmahlyn Marilee age 14?' There it was in my life when I was a child, a thump in my mind was pounding and cursing was my mind going wild, on the other end making me smile now, what was real I did not know.

I am- Going-

Cr-a-zzz-y- crazy- CRAZ-YYYY!

My ephemeral life is sprinting beyond me- and I can support but to have hazy opinions of all the days in the history and considered of energy with my boyfriend that not proceeding to include or performing, or employment, or proms, or automobile… or the- moment of the big sweet 16.

Even babies- and that white dress! I am just walking in all the dampness, eating- whatever just to sub-stain life- and keep from shriveling up… to black dust in the hot sun- to cool 17º nights, and have homemade blankets. Everything put out of my mind gives me

comfort now looking back if everything was okay.

The picture, like- I have, to the moment in time- I could form in my head was him sitting in his self-made man cave of a bedroom shaking his head or rubbing the toe he stubbed every time he got up to do something for me when his room was dark, and I would come over at night.

He could be clumsy when he wanted to be.

Then at that moment and at that very time tears started to roll, and my nose suddenly felt swollen on my face. 'Yeah, Emmah it's me-' what could I say,

she needs a friend and so did I? Nothing has changed in our minds. My throat had swollen so tightly I could barely breathe; I think I had lost it. 'I'm sorry.' it came out as a squeak. 'Is that you, Nevaeh?'

'Yes!'

Emmah was brilliant and she did not deserve me when I was not there for her when I could have been. I did not deserve him either.

Chiaz patted my shoulder as he walked past me to the crib, I remember this moment. He grabbed Jaylynn and stopped immediately, for a moment to take the photo that I was holding that I

was transported back in time to, whining piteously at his arms.

'Baby.'

She cooed to him in a honey tone, looking at me with irate big tot eyes. It was all a contest to see what I did right and wrong. I am too tired to worry if it is not.

Part:

‘Just like her mother and sister, she has your eyes.’ He said at that moment.

Then it was off, in a rip of time and place, almost transported to the next moment, I was much older now, and my

companion Kristen came up to me and took my hand in hers, the letter that day. She rubbed it with her little fingers before turning to look at me with serious sapphire blue eyes.

These eyes have stood the test of time, and have been passed down, in our ancestry.

‘Date night at last.’ I remember saying.

‘You're not sure of the dress?’

'No, I'm comfortable.'

'You look good and feel comfortable in the moment when you have seen your true legacy, your kids, and

grandkids'. I hesitated. 'You look very precious, but I don't think it would be acceptable to wear this where we're going.'

'You look wonderful.'

She might look like her mother and sister, but her nose belonged only to you, just like her daddy.

Jaylynn whizzed, looking at her most youthful mother I was. Yet I ignored her, wanting my time to myself. I feel bad about it now, looking back, that I was not a better mother.

Coming home from the date night after the young 13-year-old babysitter

was paid and on her way. 'Did you have a bad dream, sweety, mm-hum, she nodded.'

Jaylynn was sucking her thumb and holding on to her teddy bear. He said to her in her bedroom it was mostly pink and softly lit in the warm glow of the fireplace in the room dancing golden flames around the hearth.

Then at that moment kissing her on the forehead, and covering her body up tightly, he gave her the teddy that I hold now in my arms tightly going back in time.

Then another voice asked from my uncovered mouth, the words I should have at the time. I turned to the tot and did everything, the same way he did.

I am dehydrated, I thank you are. 'I will try.' Kristen giggled and baby Jaylynn joined her. Nevaeh looked at her child with a look I wanted to peek. 'I got your nose.' She spoke to the youngest child.

Part:

I recall speaking these words out, ‘All right, get dressed. She moved towards me. I accept being on time very seriously, that is what I always did.’

There was a boy at the door for her to go on a play date, she would not be a girl for an exceptionally long time. He was older than her, even taller.

His adorable young man figure stood against the kitchen wall. His lips tightened at what he saw.

His dark indigo eyes looked at me, like a child looking at their mother after getting into trouble.

They perceived everything, looking for changes that were not there when we last saw each other.

Little did I know at that time that this boy would change her life and mine.

'I understand.' Everything Kristen said.

We all went down the stairs and came back to us with her backpack.

When I waved to her, she came over. When she hugged me, this time she had books. On Thursday, she did not pack them at all.

‘Good.’ I let her go. After kissing her to have fun. She went by the name of Brandon Carol. Standing next to her, they walked to the door, I was herding them away from the car sitting in the yard.

Kristen was brilliant and she did not deserve her life being as hard as it

was when I was not there for her when I could have been. I did not deserve her either or looking back on it know I was being too hard on myself.

I remember thinking hypothetically. If I left this house with you, where would you take me? For a child to play with, Kristen and I were outside, and I remember that she sat on my hip and looked at her well on the swing under the grape arbor.

'I didn't say I was going anywhere other than in the backyard,' it was the happiest she could have been for a child at that age. She should stop being so amused by things.

I remember thinking hypothetically that I could have given her more if we had had money to do so if I was a better mother. If I left this house more and would not have lived out in the middle of nowhere. Where would you take her? I asked myself, all the places that I did not go to as a child her age.

You are having a nervous breakdown. Said, Chiaz, after working doubles at the McAuley coal mines. I remember thinking, he said to me seriously when I would tell him my feelings and would pass me off.

'If you are worried about things, let me hold you to feel better… everything is going to be okay.'

Is she involved, too?

'Spirit'. He rolled his eyes and I understood. That I was overthinking everything again, instead of living in the moment.

All these summer days, even when they ended, she would think of ways she could skip school for any other reason, to be with me or him. Reminded me of myself at that age.

'Kristen was going to come home someday and all these days would be in

the past. I knew yet, I wanted to hold on to them longer just like a hug longer in a moment in time frozen to keep in the heart of empathies.

Despite having to go to class she had to go on the bus, she needed friends and a boy to fall in love with. I just… wanted to spend some time with her before age took her away from me, just like time and age.'

'Then why did age come some fast like time too?'

Kristen told me.

'She would if she could stay with me forever, I don’t look so surprised to

think that I would have these moments back.'

What did I expect, Emmah, everyone is worried about you then now have it all back the way you should have.

Lilly and Ava and all your sisters too are so worried. 'So, are you saying this was all in my head?'

'I don't understand why they care.'

'What did I do wrong?'

Nothing out of the ordinary, 'they were not worried before, so why now?'

...I looked at him.

'What did you tell them that I was not in good health, that I had brain cancer or something like that?'

He did not even blink one of his long eyelashes in my direction, saying, 'no nothing like that.'

'Mental health, and a troubled past, and a little behind on reading.'

'Nothing,' said Emmah standing there ghostly, needed to be said, they know how hard it is for you to understand. Since you came back you can see your mind sleeping.'

He bit his lip. 'You're like a zombie- at times worse than a zombie. It

is like when I first met you, you were sometimes not even in this world, lost in your psychosis.'

I was not that bad or did anything then. 'I didn't put my ring back on at that moment, even if I should have, it was too hurtful, the marriage was over,' I told him in my defense, yet it was not sneaking in. I could not bring myself to do it because I did not know how it would be right for him if he could not comprehend my sentiments.

'This is the commencement.' He gave a little, in making me feel love at the end of the marriage, yet we were young, and it was not long after this moment he

was dead, yet I did not change my feelings of feeling anything, even in the do-over. 'Now we want you to start smiling again, said Emmah who was standing there like deaths angel.'

'I'm beaming,' I whined into his neck. And I giggled. He did not make a sound.

'I will make a pact with you.

I will be back in a few minutes, and you must promise to let me into you, mind-body, and soul. And we can just spend time together like we did when we were kids, and then you can take a nap while I cook.'

I did not know he could cook at all. He not only took me with him, in all way a woman can be given to a man but also was going to cook, what I was missing nothing I had more than most my age at that point in life. 'What do you get out of it, I was thank yet?'

'A more relaxed Emmah was there for me at that moment.'

He told me he loved me and that should have been enough.

'Emmah, honey I can see you there, ghostly.' I said in my mind, and she could hear.

Jaylynn as a young child did not fib, where you are and hovel in your room mess; it is okay to play in the other room.' I groaned. If she did not look so seriously put together cute, I could not help to get angry.

Part:

'Do you promise to let me in?'

'Good.' I gave up. I was curious.

I promise to let- you back in-conceivably.

-And you doze off now.

'I'll think about taking a snooze.'

She pouted. 'Close enough.'

Chiaz left and returned with ice cream and items that she loved as a child.

He then put a gallon of ice cream on the table Butter-Finger.

My lovely girl. Here is your spoon.

Then time just went by, and time moved on and years went by in a zipping flash before my eyes.

Part:

(Time slipping by)

Kristen's twins decided to move as soon as we sat down next to them. As if they both squealed when I sneezed at the

same time, startling them and they both cried with their tiny blond heads screaming for their mother.

'Here.' With my finger, I put a drop of ice cream on each of them on the tongue. Then as I walked past them, I wondered why my mind, when to this but it was over the taste of ice cream. They fell silent and rolled in opposite directions.

Kristen was watching me as I turned around. When did she not look at me? 'Why sweety do they run from me like that?'

‘Shy…’ She said in a reply.

'I felt bad because you looked lousy, I understand that you do not feel well.'

I shrugged. It was what it was I knew at that my health was falling. 'Now I'm just going through a phase, even if it was denial.'

'Which one, what moment do I want to hold on too?' It was survival, I was going into at this point in my life. I wanted to tell him. Instead, I held my tongue.

There was no point in whining, just not aloud. It did not help to burden

them with all my fears and worries that was what my notebooks were for.

'You know, it's not too late.' He said, putting the spoon into the bucket. Mine stopped right at the top.

-Too late?

'Sign up for school, in the fall coming up,' he said to Kristen. It is like we have not even spent a week together yet.

She said I am not going back to school; I am going to war.

‘You are stupid, I sent you to school to get dumb.; Her father said.

'I don't have time for school.' I could not believe she would try to do this to me again.

'Why not?'

I pointed out three reasons, one was the twins and the others behind tacks that cross us to everyone on the other side of the town. And we do not have the money to let you go to the private school.

'Reason number one and two. Reason number three is in school now.' And reason four was expecting dinner when she got home, that I was not going to add into the idea of saying. The fifth reason whimpered softly; she did not

want to go back to school. To be among people, I could relate to that notion.

Kristen- 'I don't think I'm safe when there are too many people around.' I finished abruptly. 'I'm not safe.'

'Are you okay, I feel the same way about this town.' He put my worries aside. - This is the only reason I felt safe. And I remember why this came back to my mind that night he passed in the mines.

I shook my head. 'No, I am worried about anything. I need to find a bed and lay down.' Something must have happened, if I had not, I am going to pass out. I just knew it.

I recall this day. Like the schoolchild, unfortunately, sin and womanhood are conducted by the elders when a girl is around the age of 10, cleanliness ways it at most, consequential to faith and the girl's soul, in all ways was most important parts of her young life.

I remember this day the day of the youth in the church with girls just like Kristen, and then years pasted to Jaylynn, having the girl's become women, Jaylynn undergoing the forced, clitoridectomy the surgical procedure, often performed by someone other than a trained medical professional.

The mothers and the grandmothers, with all in the town looking at the child getting it done in a church are there for the day of giving your heart to faith and becoming a woman, my grandmother did mine. It involves the partial or complete removal of a girl's clitoris.

Like the male penis, it was put there by Santan, the clitoris is a small organ found in a woman’s vagina and is the dominant source of sexual pleasure in a woman’s anatomy. Therefore, after experiencing clitoridectomy, most women can no longer be active sexually during their childhood years. However, due to

cultural beliefs in certain parts of the world, the procedure is a common rite of passage that marks a girl's transition into womanhood.

Commonly referred to as female genital cutting or female circumcision, clitoridectomy is usually performed for cultural or religious reasons, which may vary from culture to culture. In some areas, the surgery is thought to maintain cleanliness, while others believe removing the clitoris will prevent women from engaging in premarital sex and remove sin. Although practiced throughout the world, the procedure is most common within our township.

The strategy is often escorted by infibulation, or the stitching concurrently of the vulva. This is usually done following the removal of the clitoris, when the girls' labia major is sewn together, leaving an opening small enough for exclusively urine and menstrual blood to pass around. Before marriage, the opening must be enlarged to allow for penetration during lovemaking, a process that can take three or more months.

Medical complications are common since the older woman in the community who completes the procedure is not medically trained but is a parent or elderly member of the community. The

surgery is usually performed without anesthesia, with a razor, or with another unsterilized agent. My grandmother said, she remembered, what I thought was a needle, was this... practice clitoral unhooding and the piercing to show the marking of ownerships and giving your soul to faith.

Therefore, tetanus, hemorrhages, and tremendous scarring can also transpire. There are also long-term psychological effects, including sadness, tension, and smaller self-esteem, yet it is clean in the township and the church.

Most girls, like all of us, do not select to experience clitoridectomy, as the

surgery is typically performed on girls between the ages of four and eight. These girls are usually secured by the legs by other older women or kept down during the method.

Alanna was one of the girls that we stood witness to and Jaylynn's childhood friend.

'We don't know what they'll do.' the child whizzed. You be fine, you will do fine. We spoke. 'We supposed she would come regarding understandings of metamorphosis, but she did not understand why. Weeks went by and we did not get the slightest hint from her saying anything about her novel changes.'

- This is sinful? She looked down at herself.

'YES!'

'Just think about all the friends doing the same and how big you're getting, and the honor you well have.'

'Alanna, yes, she is my friend!' Yes, she is Astute – She has clever solutions to problems based on her sharp perception.

Yes, but you are **Discerning** – She demonstrates good judgment and taste. And, **Innovative** – She applies innovative ideas to old problems to find creative solutions.

Part:

I remember her saying.

'Waiting to come back for Alanna, Afterwords and play. Similarly significant this moment was. They might have hurt her, or they were like us twins in the past, or you.' I remember these words, yet I went along with the flow, we did not even seem bothered by the idea of it all.

'They can't hurt her.' Emmah was contiguous ghostly looking at her saying, 'Lier.'

I should have never when along with this.

'It's not just you it all in the brainwashing.'

What if she hurts Amelia or Aidaly, what if they thrash Luna or May because they say no with them crying and showing there not women yet.' She opened her mouth and closed it just as quickly when the blade when down, and nothing was said, and no gasp was given. She knew that I was right, by looking into my eyes like the mother.

'We'll get them before the Fall start of their 4th Grade year.' that was promised by the schooling, I promised myself this was the right thing to do.

Part:

That night her dad and his warm hand touched my fingers.

'Let us discover why this first, and then we'll think about it no more.'

His fingers were smooth and warm. His nails were longer than any guy would dare to wear them, a modest hint. The bottom of his fingertips was calloused, from working in high coal. Then his hands tightened, sending a warm wave of heat that swept my arm up my arm and into my stomach to my toes. It was a good feeling until she- Jaylynn raised her head.

Jaylynn- 'It was a thought I rarely allowed myself to justify this as a child.'

'Emmah?' Was the ghost of remembering for me to see the timeline move.

Her observation was worse than a stranger to us. The stranger could only watch. The warmth in my stomach turned into heat, a searing heat that licked my fingers, my head, my back, my skin. All this set my skin on fire, at the sight of everything I did wrong as a mother in this township.

When I removed my hand, it did not disappear. He burned!

'Shit.'

It escaped my mouth and I looked away.

She licked the ice cream a child would, getting my attention again doing so.

The drops got on her fingers, she licked them off.

It was too seductive in my mind.

'Are you okay?' Chiaz spoke.

I slipped my hands under my thigh before he could touch them.

He was too touchy with her too. He was too close even though it was all sin.

Distraction- I needed one of them. 'I- yes.' Why don't the words add up to my mind for all this SIN? 'I… I was thinking about calling, who…? I told him at last that night in bed, I no longer would like to be touched romantically.

At least he did not drop the spoon like Jaylynn did to the pain of her laceration.

'Why?' Became a question.

(The next morning)

'Just think... already Jaylynn you know a lot about predators and loves, as did your first cousin Naddalin.' She was also a psychic and an angel just like you.

'We all loved Naddalin for all the same things you have and done in life, but it would be wrong to drag anyone else into this, yet we all have been kids too.'

Did I not learn that if I did not anoint him to all of this also, He would never forgive me, for saying it, that too was SIN.

If he knew a way to get Jaylynn away from the buzzard, vampire, wolf, demons predator fallen angel's clans he

would have yet they have souls they need, I would never forgive myself. I bit my lip, now only small fiery sparks danced across my skin. 'He would like to help.'

I remember when Kristen leaned back in her chair the first day after. - Have you decided on this? 'That is, it!' You do not speak of it, anymore, 'Young Woman.'

'Not necessary to do this,' she cried.'

She whimpered, her face turning pink.

The first sign of an approaching serious attack.

Sensitive, isn't it? She hiccupped.

-You'll have to tighten up. Thus, we are going to leave you whimpering in the corner like the child you are growing up.

Kristen- When I lowered it in the bath, the tension subsided. It cracked and reverberated.

All just stories and memories for the Shoe Box.

Nevaeh you are, **Courageous** – She fights for what she believes in, no matter the cost. Emmah said.

'He adores you.' Kristen did not look pleased with this. He was so restless nonetheless even so.

'He tolerates me.' I sigh. 'He adores you as a mother, you need to remember that.'

Kristen laughed.

It made me happy, I adored her laugh.

That is why I put up with it for so long.

And my past? He asked, leaning forward, I leaned away. How did she treat you? Like you needed help, and shit. You are doing better than she did with you.

'I'm not a family associate, I'm not safe, but I'm safe enough to keep the twins around me, anymore either, and to be around her kids.'

I rarely saw them growing up, to be honest my mother was truly Hope more than my real mother.

Once a day, at most, she worked in two shifts in the hospital and dragged me there with her and that is when I found a home, I remember that too it was a home, nonetheless. Smells like Dove, shit to me. You are too kind to them. He spoke.

That is what she told me, it was a place to lay my head, and I long ago retracted one time say to what she and told me or get punished.

She does not mind if you are half... was lying or not, or even bathed.

'Not really.' I shrugged; it was a home my true first.

'She hasn't attacked me or kicked me out for being me, so I don't think she did not really care about me anymore looking back.'

'Maybe it was all me, and my f*cked up head.'

- It is good. My grandkids were worried about you and her. Kristen confessed.

'At least you will not have to worry about one of us attacking you.' I growled to Kristen.

'We want you to stay with us and your mom too, as long as you like.'

Was it all so?

'Not?'

Part:

(Then my mind drifted- to telling her my memories.)

'Mom likes you, she thinks you're nice and sweet and that I like you just the way you are.'

Good girl.

Kristen- my stepdad Ramiz Kharitonova, was there in the room we were all family, he did it mentally, like we were in a relationship.

We were not even though he kissed me- two times, okay, three times. I wanted him to kiss me again, but I did not dare let him know. '... I reached to expect that this goodnight I treasured so considerably would carry standing as

delinquent as attainable, to lengthen the span of slumber …'

'It appeared to me that with an impious and private hand I kept just drafted in his heart a rather crumple and drove a first dark hair to materialize.'

'I accomplished not take my gazes off my stepdad, I understood that when we existed at the table, they would not let me dwell during the fundamental dinner and that, in directive not to irritate my mother, daddy would not let me kiss him several times in front of the guests, as though we existed in my space.

So, I pledged myself that in the dining room, as they were forming spread and I touched the hour happened.

I would do everything I could do independently in advancement of this kiss which would be so temporary and underhanded, select my eyes the location on his cheek that I would kiss, schedule my reflections to be competent, by standards of this cognitive conception of the kiss, to dedicate the entirety of the minute dad would bless me to handle her cheek against my lips …'

I have no idea where I stand with my stepdad.

He never told me, although a week ago I woke up in his bed and slept in his shirt.

He thought he killed me when he tried to save me from my vampire father.

He told me that I was in his bed because he could not stand me being anywhere else. What does it mean I was a juvenile?

'Let us be appreciative to the somebody who completes us pleased; they are the adorable gardeners who create our hearts flower.'

'The actual pilgrimage of finding consists not in pursuing new terrains with

each other, but in delivering new gazes to the soul within the locking of eyes.'

'Love is not ineffective because it is frustrating, but over it is provided. The individual we love depends on ashes when we possess them.'

'The longing for something additional than what we keep and to convey something unknown, actually if it is more harmful, some sentiment, some heartache, and when our sensibility, which satisfaction has softened like a nonfunctioning interment playing the twines, like one who enjoys resounding to the underneath story lines of some writing, actually an unpolished one, and

actually if its strength be harmed by it if changed.'

'And since I worshiped him, I could exclusively ever glimpse him via the disorganized passion for better of him, which when you are with the someone you treasure denies you of the sense of treasuring.'

It would be so easy to believe it was not love to me, but I was not a multitude. You cannot protect what you do not need to protect.

'I don't think I can live with you; I remember saying to him as the mouths when by.' Then at that moment I was

shaking my head, I remembered waking in the dark with warm air blowing around my neck.

I shook off the memory of me rolling over and burying my face in his chest—damn it! Of when innocent love became more.

Why couldn't I get that memory out of my head? If I did not dream of running away like a wolf-like he was underneath those soft eyes if I did not dream of finding him in that darkness, I dreamed of him loving me more, even if it was wrong! Why me?

'Emmah the 'White Angel' with her melancholy, and somber look to us, was giving us both in away- the remember of are past and childhoods, to comprehend.'

-Then-

I recall- 'Feel free to pack if you ever feel like it, and never look back I remember saying to myself.

Mom tells me that every other day that I can do just that.' She said solemnly.

'Gram tells me to stay the days she doesn't want me around her man.'

And he told me when they both said nothing, that I was lying.

'I won't say anything.' It was not always easy to smile now I can look back with you now, at the past.

'Okay, now I have an inquiry.'

— I may have an answer. She squinted his eyes at me.

I remembered the time when he dropped his spoon and turned towards me on the stool saying I will see you tonight. Mom most of the time was drunk and passed out, to him drugging her.

You... - You will not get down on one knee for me as you did her, will you? I

teased. His face went completely blank. Tilting his head to the side, as if he had to think about it. I hope it got out of his head.

'I did not mean to… Mom would kill me if I did not at least buy you a ring first…' He paused. 'I do not mind, we could take the plunge, have a little ceremony, family of friends, winter, or late fall? I like it…'

I could not bear it. My spoon went up in the air and the ice cream hit him right in the nose. Bad hand!

Being bad was fun and I could not stop giggling as he wiped it off the tip of

his nose. 'Stop talking.' I ordered. 'Now that you've finished thinking about the nonsense, we can try it again.'

He remained silent, even glancing over his shoulder at the door. No one entered, he turned his attention back to me.

- I will be right back now. He did not answer me, just watched me walk out of the kitchen.

I did not care, I had to leave. Closing the bathroom door, I slid to the floor.

What? Hello. I was Incorrectly thinking about doing this for real. With the participation, to me!

A whistle escaped from my teeth, and I understood. She wanted to know what I was thinking and wanted more control to ask him about what he was going to ask me if I said yes. 'No.' She could not get it, the way I did. Another howl.

'I had to put that damn ring back on... even in that moment of looking back on life.'

A sharp, hot pain pierced my stomach, digging into my skin with its

jagged blades. When my hands took off to stop them, there was nothing there. Nothing, not a thing. Phantom pains.

She whimpered again, saying 'think child,' we both remembered how much silver hurt. Deep down, I did not want to return to silver. If I could maintain control, it would not be necessary. 'Calm down.'

Now I was sitting in the bathroom talking to myself.

Looking right at her, Emmah looking deep in my eyes!

I have never listened to Emmah who had to talk to their other half of me also about all of this.

Then who did I ask about that, the same girl I was dumb founded?

I did not know she was not fooling me or tricking me in some way, yet I remember my past to determinate.

My mom, and Alison, damn it, no, was the start of all of this. She would like to know why I was asking.

They would just swing at me. If I let me even guess I am in trouble, the would be in my ass, I did not go with all that was around me.

I needed to talk to someone, more than just Emmah. They could help me. It is not that I do not delegate it is that I do not trust.

Her approval of my choice was reflected in my skin and its color.

She missed everything that was in the past, yet had all my memories too, even though she gave me the ring, from my past too.

I wonder why. 'Strange Shit'.

I muttered, getting up to wash my hands and face until someone came to check on me.

'Strange days.'

I jumped with my name that had been called at that moment for me to come.

'I am the only one that you can trust.' Emmah said.

Using her little fingers, she pushed the show box lid off. I opened it and almost dropped what I was going to hold to change my feelings.

I remember your beloved twin. I do I have the soul of her within you now, it was all locked away by me in this crystal ball.

Let the prophases tell you what it is that you are sacking to find out.

- ‘Oh.’

They both smiled at me when they showed their faces in the glassy like reflections when I saw that, I was back with them at that time, and sat down at all the moments.

'What's that?' I knew it was. My fingers hovered over my chain. It was gold to me, yet had moments of a glowing silver, and in its center lay a small charm in the shape of my fingernails.

All the nights and days play over, 'It's a crescent moon.' He said, still bouncing on his beloved, on the wedding night. 'A gift for our love.'

The rebound bounce went to my mind unscrupulous. 'Sounds like a bribe, with the thoughts of sin.'

'The Bribe?' He sounded too innocent.

'You have made a Bible.'

...And in that some moment in that fragment of time, the box slammed shut, and I put it between us, saying my angel.

'Yes, a bribe.' I said Emmah. A book of life, and the afterlife.

Part:

'You have what you need?' If it is too much, I can always get back to all these junctures.

Then I had to ask, right? 'I am sure we can do something to have me come back to the person I was before the termination of my past life's. Let me just call you Emma to find out when I will be free... from my fear'

'It's not comical.' She frowned at me. You are this world's Goddesses.

I found it humorous to think that a girl like me could be that even in remembrance. 'I will do all this commemoration with you.'

'Why me?'

'I feel bad about wanting to spend time with you. The least I can do is make sure you get something out of it.' Said Nevaeh.

She told me to start thinking clearly.

Goosebumps ran down my spine to see if she noticed. She looked down at me, grinning at the corners of her mouth. 'Your eyes are glowing blue, understand what this means, it means you are back to the way you once were.'

'Oh, just not again!' Swabbing her newfound spiritual sight and eyes, now

currently they were crying, I do not know if I want to do this again.

'I don't know how to turn them off.' This is the moment of finding out the feeling of love you still have for all those you still care about, and even the ones that have wronged you.

She never wanted me to turn them off, it was something I just needed to see and do.

Several times in the morning I would do this in my youth also, I would wake up and scare myself to death by my tears, taking the pain of others.

Part:

All I wanted to do was wash my face. Instead, I almost went blind seeing what happened to Emmah in the past seeing the worlds I was part of, they were worse than the blinding headlights and glass shards in the retinas of a car crash as you are discarded from the vehicle, even if I thought they were consequential.

As they lit up to become exposed there was a new light, I saw her behind it all. Her love was going out and ending, even when I was sleeping to the moments of time, I was not there.

I then frowned in that wink as she tilted her head to get a better view of me. I cut off all the feelings.

'Which one?'

'All.' I spoke.

'I never knew what I was to all of them.'